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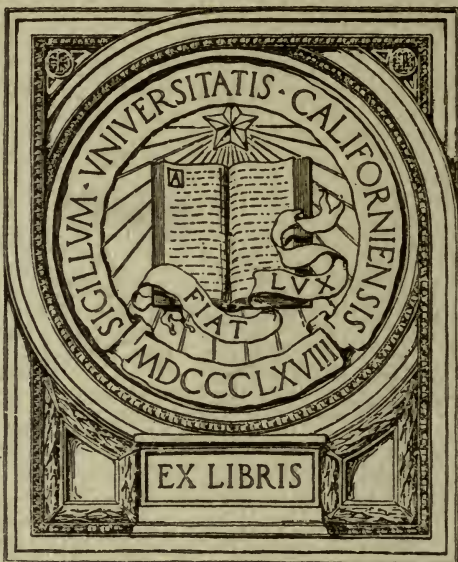
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Elements of Unity in the Homeric Poems

BY
EDWARD FARQUHAR, Ph.D.

Presented before the Columbian University as Thesis for the Degree of
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ELEMENTS OF UNITY IN THE HOMERIC POEMS

By EDWARD FARQUHAR, PH.D.

Professor of History in the Corcoran Scientific School, Columbian University

PART I.

THE reader who is more impressed with the sense of unity than of diversity in the composition of the Iliad, suffers a peculiar difficulty in debate with an opponent. It is not precisely that he is liable to the reproach of being a "poet" instead of a "professor," with consequent derogation from his standing as a judge in poetic matters; or a mere conservative unready for new truth: every student of Homer living has begun his study long since the Lay theory was familiar, inso-much that a reviewer lately appointed the centennial of Wolf's publication, 1895, as the date after which no writer of credit would contend for the unity; no unreasonable prognostic, if the other theory be essentially reasonable. The difficulty is rather, that certain conditions of the question throw such a reader's ideas and expressions into forms which by a sort of optical illusion seem to resemble those of contempt. What could be more repugnant to the proper feeling of one true scholar discussing with another? Yet the unpleasant result is often quite apparent. The grounds of the illusion seem to be of this kind: Contempt is the attitude of a mind which feels its position to be larger, broader, higher, as regarding one that appears to be smaller, narrower, lower. The contemplation of a great object as a whole, with connection of parts in the form of unity, naturally fills the mind with impressions as of something ampler and more elevated than contemplation of the parts in fraction, without such unity. To the person occupying the former point of view, one occupying the latter must inevitably

seem to be thinking on a smaller scale, and ignoring the greater realities of the case in favor of the less. Things equal to the same thing being equal to each other, the expression given to such distinctions on the part of the unionist must, however involuntarily, assume a guise as of scorn; while a corresponding sentiment of derision will naturally arise on the other part, in view of an imaginary unity and sublimity construed against the facts; a proper attitude of mind if according to the evidence; very much as the claims of religion must be regarded by agnosticism. Which party has the facts at better command, and the more controlling ones, is the question. It gains nothing, except for the interests of contention, to call appreciations of the larger realities "instinct," so to discredit them as something unreasoning and blindly emotional. We have only to do with actual perception of actual things. The amount of arbitrary "instinct" has not perhaps been rated, as between the unionists and separationists. The former need hardly fear the balance. It is a particular triumph of the latest notable English work on the subject, Mr. Lang's "Homer and the Epic," that it so successfully overcomes this natural disposition; and they of the other side may well adapt the wondering expression of a controversialist some ages since, that his adversary had "answered him more as a gentleman than as a theologian."

A tendency of criticism has developed within the past century, quite befitting the era ushered in by Critical Philosophy and French Revolution, under which everything must be re-examined, and new basis found, or true basis cleared, for any faith that may remain. One direction of this tendency is to assume the tradition of the world as presumptive rather against than in favor of anything received, and so to question any great authorship wherever possible; then to seek throughout the works for evidences of discrepancy, which in proportion to the greatness of the work, that is its compass and richness, are sure to be found. It should be hastily protested that there is no intention of comparing the leading disintegrationists of the Iliad, personally, with such

writers as some of those, for instance, who have lately had their hours of notoriety in connection with Shakespeare. They appear to be genuine scholars, widely acquainted with their subject and collateral ones, and as far as possible from the type of quack or ignoramus. But the peculiar feature is the compulsory reminder of the others' methods by theirs. In each case, there is first the assumption that the accredited author did not write the works, and thereupon a vast construction of probabilities supposing he did not, with none supposing that he did. In each there is "fabulous diligence," exhaustive scrutiny of separate passages and particulars, with want of eye for larger facts and relations; in each a lack of apparent understanding what poetry is for. There is laborious reconstruction of past epochs as they are different and opposite from conditions of humanity ordinarily known, not as they resemble and partake of them: yet withal a curious insensibility to actual phases of human condition in other times. In the application of such methods, it is obvious, as just remarked, that the greater the work the easier will be the task. The fuller the genius, the more boundless the variety of production, the more incomparable and transcendent the creative faculty, hence the higher and more sovereign the individuality, the more readily must that production lend itself to such dismemberment, and the more certain will the process be to run its course, once the favorable time come on. What that course is likely to be in our present case, we may see conclusively summed up in Goethe, chief epitome of these ages. He yields to the tide awhile, then rights himself once for all above it, scorning nothing, rejecting no contribution, only weighing and perceiving.

If genius of this superlative character bears any relation to its fulness of times, there could be no occasion in the history of man, where it would be more entitled to appear than in the forming age of Greece. The achievement of the world thus far, the incomparable race and the epoch of that race, afford a setting for such a genius, marvelously analogous to the era as to the character of Shakespeare. In largest and profoundest relations, this is probably the greatest analogy

in literature. On a sufficient acquaintance, the very name of Shakespeare seems to carry with it solution of nearly all the problems as to unity of the *Iliad*, and all as to that of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. All such instances as may follow will be merely specimens. It may be very probable that the language had been essentially the same longer, and the amount of literature in his own kind larger, with the Greek than the Englishman; but some other outlooks would not have been so broad. This analogy may curiously extend into the most important accessories of literature: Homer lived at a time when writing was in some degree of use, yet his work implies no relation with that art; Shakespeare at a time when printing was in use, yet his work—as dramatist, the subject of the analogy—bears no relation with that art, unless to avoid it. A book is lately out in England¹ treating of Shakespeare as the Homer of that land, in which the Plays are divided up very much as the *Lays* have been. This is a work which, not having seen, I rejoiced in, and wondered if its scope had been rightly apprehended. If it were simply a parody of methods applied to Homer, it might command a success which otherwise it need not hope. It is not easy to see what of force there is in the one treatment which will not fairly transfer itself to the other.

What is the nature of that individual genius, which, perceived throughout the *Iliad*, bears so irresistibly on the reader's mind the impression of its unity? since if no personal Homer was ever known, we have then the most overwhelming attestation to that effect of unity, in the fact that from unknown antiquity one was always assumed.² As with other highest or deepest things, it is much easier to describe by attributes than in essence. "Fire" may be the favorite characteristic assigned to the *Iliad*; but to isolate that attribute as if it contained or indicated all, is indeed to "speak

¹ White's "Our English Homer," 1892.

² To meet this primeval testimony, a curious evidence of the effect in question comes forthwith in the past year. In Marchant's "Greek Anthology," there are extracts from the various poets, among the rest from all the extant Dramatists, whose works assuredly were conscious unities; but none from Homer: on the ground that it is "idle to attempt to exhibit the great epics in selections." If Lachmannism or any form of lay theory were even approximately true, what a model opportunity for disengaging the true unit.

as boys." The dactyl-burst and spondee-march so like throughout this poem, so unlike anything else in literature except its softened echo in the *Odyssey*, has this element forever at hand, as the prophet has that of heaven; but it is only one of the modes. Arnold's "grand style," or "nobleness of manner," is correct and definite, but it only describes an effect rather than expresses a personality; and this deficiency, masked under the grace of that master's style, exposes us to such a stroke of reasoning as that in the *Athenæum's* review of "Homer and the Epic": several grand-style poets were known to be writing at the same time, whom nobody could confound, therefore the *Iliad*, which nobody could separate except with scissors, was written by several.¹

Neither fire nor grandeur is Homer, only in him; though it may be said that grandeur being only in him, so much the grander he, as extending so far and wide beyond it. That the pathos of the *Iliad* should so wonderfully supplement its fire, is remarked in the book just mentioned: that the one is a necessary supplement to the other in the psychology of highest dramatic genius, appears to be only suggested there. They are action and reaction, in such a mind.—Many a vivid talker will bring exciting events before the hearer's fancy with a graphic effect not far unlike that of Homer. Many a bright damsel, with living phrase and enchanting mimicry, can personate the various figures of a striking situation, till they breathe and move as quick as Shakespeare, for anything in the listener's immediate realization of the scene. What is the difference between such a dramatist and Shakespeare? This gay reciter practices an adroit selection, giving only sharp external contrasts

¹ There is something ghastly in the mode of apprehension and argumentation of this last unnamed writer. Shelley is quoted as saying that Homer is not himself till the latter part of the *Iliad*; hence the earliest parts are by somebody else. It would be a very natural expression, in a mood, that Dante is not all himself till the last cantos of *Inferno*; therefore, Francesca and Farinata would be by another hand. Yet one little point, a point indeed in respect of dimension, I think is successfully made: I do not suppose Achilles, in his counsel to Patroclus, was thinking of Phoenix and Meleager; I doubt if he even listened to the interminable "yarn" of the evening before, in his turbid state of mind. I think, however, there is an implication of the Embassy, besides many others, in XVI 196, and context, where all the other Myrmidon leaders are introduced in full, with outfit of antecedents or at least genealogy, Phoenix alone being mentioned but by name; which would hardly be if he were not already a familiar acquaintance, and that has been only through the ninth book. But there is little need to hunt for such mention in the rush and crisis of the sixteenth book, where it does not belong, when it is so woven into the proceedings of the eighteenth and nineteenth, where it does.

and jutting outcomes; we see what the characters did, but nothing of what they are, or would do: especially in that latter kind of imagery, the effect is secured by very mutilation: the condition of success and source of the delicious fun being that a grotesque fraction or caricature rather than a whole existence is presented to us. In a Shakespeare, the persons are integral, and the tragic or comic relations of such persons are eventual; we have an image of a world, deepening and involving like a world, our enjoyments in it enduring and multiplying instead of evaporating. All the make-up and experience of the character seems present to the writer, so that many a passage of most ordinary expression in itself, like Stephano's "Prythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant," after his seafaring, it is felt to be most pre-eminently Shakespearean, and impossible to others, as embodying this realization of his creatures in total instead of at mere prominent points. It is thus that small things form adequate parts of great things. Now of all who have written in epic form, or perhaps in any form, except Shakespeare only, this fulness of impersonation is found in none other as in Homer. It is this that leaves the effect of other lays, other tales, other battles, so shadowy beside the Iliad. Not by lack of spirit; that may abound; but spirit in default of body is shade. It is not the Greek genius in comparison with another; there were plenty of bright Greeks, but without this attribute; there were none that had it in such measure, not even the imperial dramatists.

It is this which solves most of the difficulties that have torn the minds and the texts of separatists, as far as regards all manner of human situations. What possible trouble is to be found, for instance, with the *ἦπια εἶδειν* of the sixteenth book, v. 72-3, as compared with the embassy of the ninth, if the reader will but realize Achilles? All he means is, "Things would have been very different if Agamemnon had known how to behave himself to me"; Achilles was mad with Agamemnon then, and he is mad now; and precisely as Agamemnon's gifts and all his works were *εχθρα* then, he does not find them *ἦπια* now—they had no power

to take away the reproach (IX 378-87): the expressions fit in his moods as if they had been framed together. It is strange, by the way, if it has not been seen that the "now will the Greeks come about my knees" of the eleventh book, suits better as it stands with the retrospect of the Embassy than without it, at least till the eighth book be dismissed along with the ninth; for if after the overwhelming and unprecedented defeat of the eighth there had been no supplication, it were less likely in the slow retirement of the eleventh, and the mere wounding of Machaon, which was all Achilles witnessed. All was now in the way to happen, however, exactly as he predicted would happen in the ninth, or in the first, for that matter, and his words express to the very life the exultation of fulfilment. Does the different shade of feeling and view of facts when he is talking to Patroclus in the sixteenth conflict with those of his talk to the representatives of Agamemnon in the ninth? It must be a dramatic imagination indeed that stumbles here. A lesson might have been taken from the little old Platonic dialogue of Hippias the Less, where the sophist who has been so ready to reel off the characters of Achilles and Ulysses like thread from a drum, becomes so sorely tangled over these very contradictions and complexities; but not Socrates. So the high and bounding spirit of the opening eleventh better fits in sequence of the tenth than of the eighth or ninth; the tenth indeed may be guessed to have been introduced after the main composition of the poem, for such a purpose.

But is it possible that the Exordium is commonly spared? In the cause of disintegration and interpolation, that would seem to be the first fatal step. The "Iliad of woes," which it is the burden of those seven lines to draw out in illimitable vista; the immense perspective and procession of disaster, all to be fulfilled in a part of one day's fighting; a few heroes flesh-wounded, and one, a companion only, killed. These solemn lines would hold no proportion at all with the decimated remnant of the *Μηνις*; the whole tide of fluctuation, the enlargement of the days and hours, and the fulness of

occurrence from the fourth book to the eighteenth, are required to account for them. The first line should be left standing, single; then the sixth and seventh ones could be somehow joined upon it. The other four, obviously interpolated. The poem stands or falls with the poem.

There are many points of view in which the Iliad can only yield its sense as a conscious whole. Thus we are informed from the first, and it is specifically reaffirmed at the last, that the purpose of Zeus is to do special honor to Achilles. This is accomplished through a period of disaster and repair for which the whole Iliad is required, not a selection. It is often insisted that this purpose disappears, that we tire of the Trojan defeats during the absence of Achilles. But there are no defeats at all of the Trojan army. This has been mostly unused to venture on open battle, we are told, against Achilles. Now there are two full days of fighting; the first drawn, which is therefore a relative success for the Trojans, the second a crushing defeat of the Greeks. On the third they are going the same way, and are already pushed to the edge of destruction. It is only that the other Greek heroes need their day. Naturally, as these books, III-X, are the filling of a designed space rather than the designed filling of a space, there is less regular progression, wider amplitude, and an enlarging of each hero as he comes to full life, in these. Homer can no more be the laureate of a mere individual than Shakespeare. Perhaps nothing has more detracted from Homer in the general estimation than the notion that Achilles is his model hero. Achilles is often and partially in unfavorable contrast with men, always and wholly with the 'God; and the special moral of the Iliad might seem to be the lesson of his Satanic pride and self-centering, the sacrifice of public good to private passion, as clear a sin in the eyes of Homer as of a Christian Saint. Herein is the vital necessity of the ninth book, as one of the main foci of the poem, so well pointed out by Mr. Lang. Grote thinks that this book upsets the fundamental scheme of the Iliad, that scheme being "a series of disasters to the Greeks," etc., which conception would seem a fundamental error on the part of the eminent historian. It is not for-

gotten, it is everywhere enforced, that the God thinks not as the man thinks; the chasm of this interval is what the genius of Homer fills. A vast deal must go counter and relationless to the mere file of the design on which the will of the man and of the deity are one. The grandeur of effect in the total Iliad far above all "grand style" in particular, dwells in this divinity of grasp; the true mastery, which knows all the motive and transcends it all. And the end is with the beginning; *Διος δ' ετελειετο Βουλη*. Achilles never could have foreseen, and we can but appreciate the amazing correlation of force by which the "wrath" can come to no end by the death of Patroclus and the discharge of hostility to Agamemnon, but now blazes first into reactive imprecation upon wrath itself (XVIII 107-10), and then rushes to a new course in line with the more general will of Zeus, who makes the wrath to praise him. A course which works to its fitted end in the twenty-fourth book, and can have neither more nor less than that career. Once more it is the fulness, not the mere activity, which marks the great and individual master.

Then the means by which that purpose is carried out, the grouping of events and personages involved, bear telling witness of unity, at least when we lay down the microscope for the field glass, which would seem the more proper implement for the scene of Homer. The various Achaian heroes, who must have their meed of glory, shine through the earlier books; and are one after another withdrawn, leaving none ascendant but the inexpugnable Ajax, whose stolid fortitude, powerfully as it comes to win upon the reader through the whole progress to its culmination at the end of the seventeenth book, is like a foil to Achilles, not as the splendor of Diomedes or the wisdom of Ulysses. Yet even he is silently and judiciously withheld in the last battle, as in sheer valor his rivalry would be too close. Here is one of the true feats of the Iliad, one of the things most in keeping with profound and precious experience; where a character uninteresting at first, endears itself at last, to the depths, by unchangeable dog-like fidelity of simple strength. But this

most vital effect is impossible, without the length of the epic. It is perfectly true that different hands may address themselves to the development of the same character, as did the dramatists; but such work is not cumulative, rather competitive. There is something like a progressive effect perhaps in our feeling toward Moses of the Pentateuch, or Yudishthira of the Mahabharata, nearing the close of those works which are doubtless of many hands; but this is the result of seeing these heroes through vast spaces of time and history, quite another thing than the few days enlarged by miracle to an æon, of Homer's Ajax.

The whole treatment of Hector is in admirable keeping, as pointed out by Gladstone with clear discrimination in his "Slicing" of that champion (19th Century, Vol. 4, and elsewhere to the same effect). All through the career of this affecting hero, we feel the impression of a sovereign nature, but whom all the fates are against; the actual of him hopelessly dislocated from the ideal, and a prey to infirmities.

Not less so is the general drift of the god-machinery, chaotic as that element may usually seem. We understand from v. 34 that Zeus discouraged the gods taking part in the struggle, somewhat as the Pope did promiscuous discussions on free-will or the like in the Church, and in the beginning of VIII this comes out in a rigid and stinging prohibition. There is much champing at the bit, but on the whole the rule is in force, till for a glory to the reappearing figure of Achilles all bars are lowered, and "to 't they go like lightning" in the twentieth; all this imperatively needs the poem as a whole for its working effect. That there should be a forlorn insufficiency in this effect at last; that the strife of the gods should degenerate from the sublime prelude of symbol at the opening of the twentieth to the burlesque literalism of the twenty-first, this we may ascribe to weakness of human nature itself rather than of Homer. The greatest are almost as liable as the smallest to fall short where they would by preconceived intent put forth their utmost strength. There seems to be absolutely none but Dante in whom culmination of topic is unfailingly culmination of treatment. Every one

must have noticed the strange discrepancy between the majesty which clothes the outward of the gods as a garment—the nod of Zeus, the stride of Neptune, the clanking quiver of Apollo, the league-wide bound of the horses, the glooms and glories that attend the apparitions—and the pettiness of motive within. The one expresses, in a shadow, his sense of the divine; and of such is the true will that presides over the human world. The very contrast of the other brings to view how far the soul of Homer oversoared the conceptions of his time, which he must embody in his gods. But none the less is the intent of that sequence apparent, as a strand throughout the fabric.

The phase of the total Iliad as it draws toward its closing acts is notable. A change comes over it something like that in the later plays of Shakespeare as compared with the earlier. The rhythm seems insensibly modified, not strikingly as in the other case; there is less tune, deeper harmony; more abruptness; nearer sense of the subject, enlargement of its features, as if words could not quite cover it, and retirement of the broader groupings; the various classifications of cities, sections and allies, so familiar in the earlier books, give place by degrees to mere Greek and Trojans, then to the leading personages alone, as in the conduct of a broad-laid novel.

Those who have been perplexed at the distinctive marks and novelties of the twenty-fourth book would seem to have taken scant account of the natural phase of a great poet's mind on approaching the conclusion of a great poem. There comes a widening sense of disengagement, while clasping still the closer what remains; new views of the theme, in larger relations and retrospections, new forms of expression, new allusions. This is precisely where he would be likely to refer to the judgment of Paris, if he were going to do so at all; in the rush of the action, plunging from the first "into the midst of things," there would be no such likelihood; but in the recession of the subject, in the last groupings of the actors and the gods, that connection would come up from afar, and seem to be wanted by the argument as a

whole. There would arise the first rudiment of the poet's consciousness; there we might expect to hear for the first time the sacred name of Aoidos. As to newness generally at the close, it is "all in the family." What a fresh wing does Milton spread at the last paragraph of *Paradise Lost*; with a number of words in a few lines—meteorous, marish, adust, subjected (in the material sense)—found nowhere else in the poem. In the last canto of the *Divine Comedy* there are still more words found only in this of the hundred; there are few *terzas* that could be conceived as occurring anywhere else, all the journey and the world surveyed anew. If there is an *Iliad* at all, it can have no other end. At any earlier point of the story an end would have left an intolerable sense of incompleteness; as we have the work—of which it has been said, It does not conclude, it ceases—the very impulse of the reader's mind requires no more; though much may have been finely done at later leisure to that purpose, from *Lesches* to *Lang*. All further fighting would be anticlimax, after *Hector's* death; the whole scheme is complete; the last ember of the *Wrath* at rest; only the burning of *Troy* remains an equal catastrophe, no doubt a greater one, but it is of the special and individual instinct of *Homer's* genius to know that this most imposing topic, to any miscellany of bards assuredly most attractive, is not his proper field. That is a field where war may rage indeed and destruction revel, but where the "valiant souls of heroes" must be always central figures. In the mighty outward ruin these would be secondary; and though sonorous and spectacular *Vergil* can make a splendid success of it, this is not *Homer*. "Arms and the man" for one; Man and his arms for the other. After all it is not for boys that he writes, but the full man. In no one point is the view of his identity more majestic, and the conviction of his unity more overpowering. How else could we have had a work, disposed and related to the general course of the history as this; such pregnant themes before and after, such concentration with such expansion upon one so strict? I had occasion to talk of *Homer* to a school of girls, and I endeavored as judicially

as possible to present the theory of plural authorship, adducing examples from other primitive collections, which made a sort of whole, but of which the parts were probably by very different hands. One of the class spoke up: "But are those like the Iliad, where it is all a story of such a little time, and all happening together?" In the profoundest search of criticism I have found nothing that seemed to reach a vital fact more surely than the intuitive query of that schoolgirl. There was an old speculation that you might "throw the Iliad in type," if you threw enough type enough times; the feat is actually accomplished, in this later speculation, throwing a whole to which all its parts bore no relation.

This obvious point is indeed encountered with much ingenuity. It is denied as a fact that the action, or rather actions, of the Iliad did belong to that restricted period. Mahaffy calls it assuming an absurdity to prove an improbability. Those actions belonged to any date of the war, and were only organized into the frame of the Iliad ages afterward. But surely the burden is on himself. There we have those episodes, and we never did have them anywhere else; nobody was ever known to suppose they belonged anywhere else, during all the ages when the Iliad was studied most universally and most closely. They fall entirely well, as we see, into the general frame, whenever the great poem is looked upon as more likely to be the work of a great poet than of a minute critic; since the absence of Achilles was precisely the time for the other heroes to shine forth.¹ The points of incongruity brought up in support of the supposition fall utterly asunder before an adequate view of the Iliad, such as an adequate study of the poem itself creates.

Presumptive evidence of this sort is discarded by those who maintain, as Paley specially, that there was neither Iliad nor Homer in our present acceptation until about the time of Pericles or later. Find what mentions we may in earlier works, direct or by citation, much will it signify, as they are all promptly resolved into impersonality and interpolation.

¹ In any case the cavil would apply to but a fraction of the poem.

The reasoning a good deal resembles that of sciolists—little as such a word can befit such a scholar—who contend that Shakespeare was almost unknown in the 17th century: the literary society not being yet formed which should make a constant business of referring to him. What literary mentions should we have, from a period from which we have almost nothing, of Sappho, of Archilochus or Alcæus? But in the 5th century, regular history, national retrospect, literary appreciation, had fairly set in; if the Bible of the race had only begun its existence as such at that time, we might with some fairness expect a clear notice of that fact. It might be well to ponder such a treatise as that of Darwin on the “Imperfection of the geological record,” and apply its principles liberally to ancient literature. But the mentions that we have are sufficiently conclusive: Pindar, whom Paley seems to claim especially as a negative witness, far away as his genius naturally leads him from the paths of predecessors, yet in what remains of him is amply positive as to Homer. After several other passages to the same effect, it is surely impossible to read the glorious hymn to Ajax and Homer, in the 7th Nemæan, without feeling that Pindar had the same Homer as we, and felt him as we. And now the softer numbers of Bacchylides come up to the light, a broken few, indeed, but through them runs a steady current of evidence (XIIIth especially, of Kenyon’s edition), that he looked up still more devoutly to the great Epic luminary, and drew more directly of its rays, though the name does not appear in these fragments as it does in Pindar. He is fond of Homer’s phrases, and he treats Homeric subjects a little as Tennyson does, being indeed a poet of somewhat kindred genius. So long as it was only poetry whose remnants have come down to us, it affords such mentions of Homer as we now find of Shakespeare in that of Dryden, Pope or Burns, whose whole work, however, we possess; as soon as we reach an age of prose that has been preserved, the mentions grow more definite, and continue more and more so until the age of editors. In fact, the perversion of ancient evidence on this subject has been almost appalling.

From the laboring devices of recent critics to break this evidence, a return to the ancient witnesses themselves will often have the effect of coming upon a clear gleam of light, which there has been a deliberate effort to quench.

For a spirit of enlightened criticism, at this recent stage, resolved to know of Germans as well as Greeks, and neither to idolize nor cynicize, but to hold the scales in uprightness, Professor Mahaffy, though his treatment of the subject on the whole be rather faltering, may be taken as a fair example. He has written a *History of Classical Greek Literature*, which may be the best of its particular kind and purpose in English; while for taste, we may observe with pleasure his appreciation of Bacchylides, against divers Germans, when as yet there were such scant materials for the judgment. All the better for such quality, he seems to illustrate what happens to the intellect when it gets upon the track, though with but one foot as it were, of Homeric disintegration. The discrepancy hunted in Homer is liable to be found in itself. Far be it from us to deny all contradictions in the *Iliad*, or to explain all away, or to care much about the matter; but where they are picked out and set forth as here, for a thing to conclude from, they invite a little attention.

He doubts if "any parallel could be found, among great writers, to the narrative from VII 313, to VIII 252, during which at least two days and nights elapse, and a series of inconsistent events are crowded together, while the dead are being buried." What this means or refers to, let any one discern who can. "Both Hermann and Lachmann have brought out the details." Can we not read the *Iliad* for ourselves? So doing, we will find no inconsistent events in this place; a crowd of events indeed on one of the three days, which would be rather tight for history, but is perfectly germane to poetry; we can but recall with a sigh the benevolent wish of a reviewer as to our author, that he had "studied the Greek authors a little more and the German critics a little less." Of the old-time stumble over the Wall, a word later. Then lightly follows the random fling, recited and reiterated, that "the same

heroes are killed two or three times over." Does a historian assume that such a statement will never be called to account? It is not a safe assumption. There is not one identified person in the *Iliad* killed more than once. The same name may recur among the slain, which means no more with Homer than it would with us. But no one individualized, by patronymic, locality, association, or in any way, dies a second time. One, as noticed long of old, who is killed in the fifth book, appears as living in the thirteenth; which might be a slip of the author, or a misplacement of the texts—for no one is likely to contend that the *Iliad* was progressively composed from end to end exactly as we have it, but much arrangement and disarrangement would be likely, especially in a portion of the poem which otherwise bears marks of much confusion, and a book, the only one of the twenty-four, which leaves us at the end with no perceptible advance on the beginning, in progress of the story or incident of importance.¹ "The first view of the Greek chiefs by Priam, in the tenth year of the war," is nowhere stated to be the first; but the new-modeled army furnishes a peculiarly appropriate occasion for the spectacle, as largely a novelty; of this also a further word in its place. For the misgiving of Diomedes as to a god in the form of Glaucus, whereas he had been fighting gods the same day; with utter oblivion of the express provisions under which he had done that fighting, see the full and conclusive treatment in Lang, under Book V. "Ajax never once alludes to his success in the single combat," possibly because he had won no success, to what he was used, though he certainly had the advantage; "but it was the common habit of Homer's heroes to boast of such things." Ah, for a little nearer acquaintance! Homer's characters are worth it, and Ajax is one of the greatest, so disguised in his plainness. All is merged in "common habit." Is it noticed that Ajax, throughout the *Iliad*, who

¹ This derangement would be the more possible, as there happens to be a prevalence of Menelaus and Antilochus in both passages. In reality the nearest approach to twice killing is in the case of Schedius; killed in the fifteenth book, and in the seventeenth; in each case "leader of the Phocians"—compare Catalogue, II 517. But different fathers are given and presumably the two are kinsmen, among whom the same name is likely to occur. If we count the number of names that belong to both Greek and Trojan, however, we will not trouble ourselves by the mere fact of recurrence.

does more single-handed execution probably than any other, never in a single instance boasts of any?—a few words in XIV., to which he is goaded in mere retort, hardly making an exception, and perhaps, by error, even these belonging really to the other Ajax, whom they fit much better. If he boast at all, it is only in behalf of the Greeks. No speech of his ever reaches twenty lines; and his words are apt to be least heroic when he is most so. When the cloud of war is bursting on him in XVII., he tells Menelaus that now he is not so much concerned about the carcass of Patroclus, which is going to the dogs, as about his own head, lest it get hurt, “and about thine,” he manages to add; but the teeth of the crocodile will yield their prey, before he be forced from that lifeless charge. Mahaffy cannot away with Diomedes ignoring the “much finer horses” of Rhesus for those of Aeneas, in the Games; yet the former, splendid and untried, were of mortal stock so far as appears, the others of immortal, and expressly declared to surpass all under the sun for swiftness.—The final count, of Zeus forgetting his promise for Achilles, as it stands is simply in wild contradiction with the facts of the Iliad; as already shown.

A tendency of heroic fable seems to have been much overlooked in treatment of the Iliad: that by which the origin of familiar customs or inventions is referred to some particular occasion of the heroic time. There would be less puzzling why the wall, etc., should not be built till the tenth year of the war, with the apprehension, that this was expressly intended as the first appearance among the Greeks of such fortifications, applied to a camp.¹ So with all the mathematical and literary institutions unhomerically ascribed to Palamedes; so with the organization by tribes, in the second book, which throws the Greek army into a new aspect, and gives occasion to that review by Priam in the third, as of a fresh object, such as the promiscuous mellays of the nine years did not so well admit. Compare the new impression of their oncoming thus arrayed, on the scout just before, II 800, etc.

¹ IX 552. has been taken as evidencing such a wall in earlier days; but it seems better understood of the town than the camp.

This tendency in itself has little to do with the unity question; but the way it is worked in the *Iliad* has a good deal; the poem is nucleated about it in large degree, and the desirable national emphasis added to the brief period of its action. Indeed, this idea of the new-model seems to be one of the master keys of the *Iliad*, so far as regards what may be called its public aspect; for it has a public or general and a private or personal aspect, as may be distinguished in nearly all the full-grown plays of Shakespeare. These of course in each case are bound together, by the genius which constitutes the world-poet. The beginnings of great wars repeat the manners of previous wars; their progress brings on the new manner and era, under the high stimulus of the work. The question why the new thing was not done before, is as relevant as why the world was not created before. The Grecian army, floundering loosely on in old methods through the nine years, at last has fallen into peril of disruption and chaos by the quarrel of the chiefs. This drives the counsellors to their trumps; and the most experienced of them bethinks at last what an improvement would arise from better organization, by tribal zeal and emulation; which is strangely overpassed by Lang as "an apparently idle counsel." It is developed in few words; but the heroes are to stand out thenceforth as they had not before (II 365-6), and all the sequel hangs upon it.¹ Note the close connection of this new order with Book I, in the speeches of Nestor and Agamemnon; the fresh confidence, of now carrying everything with a rush; the relentless purpose of Zeus (419-20), immovably adhering to the resolution he is so often charged with forgetting; then the glorious blaze of similes, unequalled in the *Iliad* or in literature, which Mahaffy thinks a tedious conglomeration of variants—where each has its act, the fire for the ardor of the regenerated host, the birds for their mass of sound and motion, the insects for their myriad number, last and crowningly the parted herds for their new array. This affords the precise and peculiar space for the Catalogue; which Bunbury

¹ Note the tumultuous behavior of the army at its first appearance, II 95, etc., "almost no better than so many Trojans"; its ordered silence afterward, III 8, IV 429-31.

of the excellent "Ancient Geography" concludes must be at least very ancient, on account of its "close agreement with subsequent notices in the Iliad," and which Mahaffy takes up as "inconsistent in many details with the subsequent books," most especially it would appear in Ajax Telamon being "strangely underrated"; the Catalogue, whose business certainly is not in general to distribute merit, going twice out of the way (528-9, 768), to bear most exalted tributes to this hero; there was an ancient tradition, that the passage where he is introduced in his proper order, was mutilated. The panorama of III, and the marshaled onset of IV, now intense in their contrast with the unmodeled Trojans, carry on the scheme. When after a day of heavy surging to and fro, parted at night on unexpectedly equal terms according to the design of Zeus, the Greeks now finding what their struggle is still to be, again put forth their quickened faculty, with new model of camp as before of army; wall and trench, with their towers and pales, are then devised. Again the account is brief, as if these were not exactly matters for minstrelsy; but there seems no reason to doubt of its pregnant relation with the whole.

Matter against unity is found in the quiescence of the whole Achilles interest, between the quarrel and the reappearance. In exactly this relation are some of the finest evidences of unity. The child can feel how Achilles is enhanced by the long withdrawal—long in art, by the drawing out of the few days—and thence the rise above all the other heroes, who have been raised so high; but a subtle touch is the ever-recurring mention, on one occasion of reference or another, now by actors and now by author, of the absent hero. Not one of the books as we have them, from the second on, fails of such a mention—only the little third, shortest of those within that period, not expressing his name, but making him more conspicuous by his absence, among the marshaled chiefs. The reader in his chair may wonder why he is not missed in that review; but those in immediate sense of a huge exciting movement, especially a tremendous approach, are otherwise affected. What is there, occupies them; what is wanting,

may occur afterward. Helen missing her own brothers is another matter. Certainly the absence is not accidental, and it would not exist if the scene did not belong in this place.

Was there a great poet for the *Iliad*, or not? None seem to deny that the work is great; and throughout it there is a particular manner of greatness, as individual as the serene harmony of Sophocles or the ocean-roll of Æschylus. That is, if we may attempt to specify, the primary conception and presentation of subject always on the scale of greatness, thence descending into particulars, with the atmosphere of greatness fresh about them. The wrath is first presented in all its pomp of consequence, in its relation to greatest things; then follows the story of it, through whose pettiness of chafe and greed the beams of this high interest shoot, as from a sky. The battle, always mightiest goal of general human interest, is adjourned and enhanced to the fourth book, with an art which would be miraculous if it were accidental—especially is the third book a study in connection of design—and when at last it bursts, the cumulation of effect is beyond all parallel. Details are caught up in it, and follow as they may. So with each new ushering-in; the appearance of each fresh hero in the struggle, the going forth of Patroclus, the reappearance of Achilles, the final combat with Hector, his burial; each is introduced by its largest bearings, and this effect is used to penetrate and leaven a whole, of which indeed the parts would be often tedious. An art of recurrence to these mainsprings is very noticeable.

What is the origin of that whole? A reasonable conjecture of "how the *Iliad* came to exist," may seem to arise of itself. Perhaps the leading thing that strikes the reader as he begins to arrive at Homer for himself, and leave behind the terms in which his second-hand knowledge has been cast—the "oldest," the "simplest," the "primitive," etc., as of some first attempt at poetry—the chief discovery he makes on his own account is likely to be, that Homer is a culmination, not a beginning. The metrical development, the habituation of phrase, the cultured metaphors, the whole organism of expression, the thought when at last the thought comes ade-

quately out, the assumption of the hearer's acquaintance with so much that has gone before, attest undoubtably a body of literature preceding; a gradual evolution of song, the consummation of which alone remains to us: a disjected mass, the raw material of Homer, the character and conditions of which may very fairly answer to the conceptions of the separatists. The only question is, whether such material reached the shape of such a whole through the genius of a supreme poet which would precisely fit the result, or through fortuitous concourse and agglomeration, ages long, among a people bright indeed, but not one of them a supreme genius. When this kind of production has reached its fulness, one is likely to arise who embodies all its "form and pressure" in himself. From the very completeness of his faculty, he might naturally be imagined as not finding his special task at once; but looking wistfully on success already achieved, "desiring this man's art, and that man's scope," and doubting, like Chaucer, if he had not come to the autumn and aftermath of poesy, the main harvest being past. After some such emptying season, all at once perhaps, in one of those moments which do not belong to time but eternity, the conception comes, of a work which should embody whole relations; a full mirror of man's estate, with its interactions and progressions, in focal intensity, on an adequate scene. In that instant, the Epic is born in the world; as perhaps at another such, ideal sculpture was, in the mind of Phidias. Before that, no such thing, except in crude abortion; after that, a possession forever. All the distinctiveness of the *Iliad* flows from such a spring. All its problems here find their solution: the effect of unity with the flaws of that unity, the possibility of such different views, with the eternal freshness of the effect and the problem, rise from this condition, that we have here the Epic in its act of nascency—the not-being and the being of it, both at one in that synthetic becoming. The vision that can see both will naturally not defer to that which can see only one. The actual discrepancies, the flaws of unity or consistency, are as apparent to the unionist as the separatist; more important matters are apparent to the former which seem hidden from

the latter. Analogies from later classics are neglected by separatists, presumably on the ground that literary individualities are specialized and known in these more advanced conditions;¹ but the essential point of our present view is that we come upon Literature first arriving at a transcendent individuality, with all the conditions of that peculiar moment. Analogies extend both ways equally, and equal field is offered to all. We thus approach the significant result, that Personality, not the absence of it, is the more comprehensive principle.

The monstrosity would be, if an order of work, thus arising for the first time in the world, should present the practiced literary conformity of an *Aeneid*, a *Lusiad*, or a *Paradise Lost*; though heathen gods are tumbled together with Christian in one, and Venus appears as evening and as morning star the same night in the other, without rupture of the poem. It is reasonably certain that the *Iliad* would not be a studied plot from beginning to end beforehand, as on models already existing; new parts would grow on the main stem, as by recurrence of the original creative impulse; these would not perfectly evolve from the first conception, but would coalesce with it. Assuredly it is not to be presumed that such would arise in the order of final arrangement; but incalculably, at lawless intervals of time, with discrepancies of style and fact accordingly; arranged, if ever completely arranged by the author, somewhat as supposed to have been done by the anonymous genius of Greek literature. The very idea of the Wrath itself, when seen in all its "moments," reaching to its term in the burial of Hector, might well be the birth of the Epic; but the act of birth could not end there; in the very

¹ A spacious oversight appears, in regard to the fact just traced, that the Homeric poems express a maturity, not an origin; whence they come with exact propriety into such comparisons. By this oversight we get able archæology, the taste of the age, but not criticism. Renan, in perhaps the last of his works (*Israel*, livre 7, chap. 9), has a curious observation on our theme. He gives thanks that the Hebrews were such poor compilers, so that precious documents descend to us from remote antiquity unchanged, and all come forth to view with a little washing and unplastering. The Greeks were so full of taste and elegance that their literary antiquities became speedily unrecognizable. Their *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were in like manner assemblages of earlier materials; but, geniuses even in compilation, their work was done so cleverly that the junctures hardly ever appear. It does not occur to the fine-fingering essayist that he is giving a perfect description of a great master's work, of Shakespeare's, Vergil's, Goethe's, on his materials, and no description at all of anything that was ever known to be done without one. The Renanese translated into plain, will read, The wonderful Greeks have made an *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which give every indication of being single works.

necessity of a full action, to the measure of the "myriad woes" and the proportion of the whole, many a story, episode and reminiscence must appear; and these would not move steadily to one end like a Macbeth, but would hang about that central stem in delightful tantalizing richness, ever provoking and never satisfying curiosity as to the consciousness of construction on the author's part. The "expansions" of the original fable, such a favorite of modern conjecture, are probable enough, but by far most probable as expansions in the teeming brain of the author. He might often be perplexed to his fill in adjusting them. The long congested hours of the crisis day from XI to XVIII,¹ with the pouring torrent of their matter, the rich increase of event and character in the abeyance period from III to X, seem to witness never-ending jets in this after-birth of inspiration. These excrescent members are essential in the largest consideration of the whole, incidental and free-living in themselves, enchanting us with their own vital breath, with their want, not of skill, but of the ripened fruits of skill. The abundance of resource requiring prodigality of manifestation, takes effect in a profusion of utterance, often running toward garrulity. All the memory of Nestor is present with him; how brief is all the talk of Nestor, relatively! By the same delight in life and relation as warrior after warrior, though but once appearing, yet is introduced to us by his family antecedents, so every aspect of the tale is enriched with belongings. Over and above all that can be said of each thing itself, similes and figures must abound, meeting every suggestion from it; favorite subjects of illustration constantly recurring, yet with how little mere iteration in these. He would surely give us a catalogue of ships and heroes, for the sheer enjoyment of it, whatever difficulties we may find with the one we have. This redundancy of power would no more save the whole from inconsistencies than Shakespeare from anachronisms; it would be rather the condition of them. But many of the incidental mentions that

¹ Note that with all the preternatural lengthening of the day, its whole extent is disposed of in a few lines, without particular action; the forenoon, XI 84, etc., the afternoon, XVI 777, etc. Strong evidence of later crowding in—by the author infinitely rather than by any other. Even so, of all days, it sets prematurely, XVIII 239-40.

have been most questioned seem particularly well to fit the place of Homer. The Amazons of later authorities took part in the Trojan war; in Homer they are pushed further back, known to the ancestry of a hero or to the youth of an old man. For so it is with all *αντιανειραι*; they belong not to present conditions, but to remote, in time or place or stage. The appearance of Dionysus in the sixth book and elsewhere, scarcely distinguishable as a god except by statement of the fact, and at forlorn disadvantage in competition with a mortal, rudimentary in his deity as the Vishnu of the Vedas, bears just such a relation with the mighty inspirer of Aeschylus and self-avenger of Euripides as the lapse of time and period of development would require.

Interpolation, except of narrow special passages, or where mere variation of memory and supply of its lapse might pass into that, would much more naturally belong to the antecedents than the consequences of the work. A good deal already written might be used, as in the historical plays of Shakespeare, and divers faults of structure might result. But the whole being once fairly completed, not in a day or at one point of view, but with many fresh holds taken and many new throes of invention, the time for material change by the author or another would rapidly pass by. This may be one of the chief points on which the pyramid of separatist criticism has been standing—no doubt the cause of its extraordinary instability and tendency to lean in every possible direction—needing to be reversed. The alien portions of Homeric work should be referred much rather to preceding than to subsequent growth. "Very few passages of the Iliad," says Grote, "are completely separable"; but it might be very possible that some of variant rhythm or ruder structure were earlier pieces adopted, Shakespeare fashion, into the grand whole. The Catalogue might have been warmed and nourished up from some old set of mnemonic verses; the Nekyia of the 24th Odyssey might have been based on some older legend of the suitors; while such lines as 106-8, and many another passage of the episode, could hardly have been from any other hand than that of the Master.

ELEMENTS OF UNITY IN THE HOMERIC POEMS

By EDWARD FARQUHAR, PH.D.

Professor of History in the Corcoran Scientific School, Columbian University

PART II

THE Linguistic armory of the separatists is a bugbear which should not unnerve the student, who may readily concede to these experts immense superiority in the niceties of Greek philology, but who merely reads his Homer as he does his Tennyson, and a good deal nearer than much of his Browning. There is simply no power in man to pronounce with authority that the minute or considerable grammatical discrepancies in the Iliad as we have it prove differences of time in its fundamental origin. Suppose for a moment that such tests were applied to the text of Chaucer! where at any rate the art of writing was in vogue at the time of composition. There is no other extensive body of literature dating at or near the Homeric times, from which we could get the parallax of linguistic change. What we do know is that we have here to do with a language teeming with variety, growth and flexibility; with a brilliant people whose capacities at that point we cannot measure; with a type of genius always distinguished for miraculous resources of vocabulary; with an era, when the transmission of literature was beset with conditions and liabilities of its own, of which we have now no accurate reckoning. These are matters sure to take effect on the grammatical form of the text, as to some indefinite degree upon the text itself. It is said in "Homer and the Epic," that the ancients quote Homer about as we have him; substantially they do; but have they not been compelled to do so by force of editing? In the oration of Aeschines against Timarchus, for one example among a number, we are appalled to find, in a peculiarly striking passage of the Iliad quoted, not only variations assignable to lapse of mem-

ory, but two or three lines to which we were strangers. There is much evidence that the text of Homer underwent a good deal of fluctuation in its minutiae, before the final fixture. Points made on such minutiae are for the most part as if conclusions should be drawn in regard to Shakespeare from distinctions of "then" or "than," of "more" or "moe," of "sovereigntie" or "sovrantee," "would rather be" or "had rather to be," found in a text; distinctions with which the author has really nothing to do that we can assign to him, and which but float on the surface of a text. Nor can any differences of this sort between the Iliad and the Odyssey be very conclusive, especially as the two would probably have different fortunes for a time in different parts of Greece. But in view of some very authoritative pronouncements, it may be well to examine the nature of this field a little more closely.

Happy is the man in his own condition, though at times an occasion of sadness to his neighbors, who has got hold of a new Key to Knowledge. The warmth of his clasp on the implement is apt to render it entirely pliable, and the readiness with which it will then apply to almost any lock, supersedes all question as to the actual response of the door. Such a key, in certain hands, is Comparative Philology; and an example of its use, at rather high pressure, on Homeric literature, may be found in an appendix by Prof. Sayce, on Epic Language, to the work of Mahaffy already cited. It would not be easy to instance or conceive a writing, in which a more imperious mastership were assumed, with a more spontaneous downfall of its main conclusions, as to anything concerning the subject "especially" treated; or with more astonishing misstatement of the facts. We are told at the outset that "In determining the age and character of the Iliad and Odyssey the most certain and important evidence is the language of the poems. Here conjectures and probabilities have to make way for solid facts. If we know the age and locality of a particular word or grammatical form, we know also the limit of time to be assigned to the passage in which it occurs, as well as the geographical horizon of the author." The reader, if not dazed by erudition so unheard of and unimagined, naturally may inquire, How is

it possible to know this of words and forms of such a period as the Homeric? "Thanks to Comparative Philology" is the answer, "and the discovery and accurate study of numerous inscriptions during the last quarter of a century, the history of the Greek language and its dialects is now fairly well known." Conceive the quick Hellenic peoples, shooting forth at their early period into every variety of tribe and city, of form and dialect, through centuries of which we have no dated record whatever, held thus down to lines of speech which no power could lay on that of our own time. For it soon appears, that not one of these inscriptions can be dated with any certainty back of 600 B.C.; the Homeric poetry "in its present form possibly may be a century earlier" (though latest conviction is that "our present Homeric text is not older than the age of Pericles"). For the older element, "we have only the poems themselves," together with Latin, Sanskrit, and the like auxiliaries, which tongues of themselves could hardly tell us anything definite about Homer, but as Comparative Philology—spelt with capitals, and becoming a sort of person—like an inspiring Egeria, may tell us whatever we need to know; while Positive Greek is often left in distress. "A form like *ακων* instead of the older *αφεκων*, could not have come into existence until all recollection of the digamma had disappeared." How easy it may be at some future time to determine, that such a form as *plow* could not have come into existence until all recollection of the old *plough* had disappeared; when we shall have only inscriptions and a poem or two for our information, instead of a confused illimitable mass of literature showing that the two forms went side by side through so many centuries. But not even so can we conclude anything about Homer's *ακων*; the ictus never seems to fall on the first syllable, that is, never where any metric test between the two forms can appear, and in some of the most careful editing only *αεκων* is printed. Passing lightly over such potent "facts" as that for proof of the relative antiquity of Iliad and Odyssey, alternative forms of a certain aorist occur fifty-eight times to forty-two in the one and fifty-four to fifty-three in the other; that *εινοσιφυλλος* is found twice in the Iliad, and once in the Odyssey, where the reader instantly

recalls another occurrence (XI, 319,) in a most famous passage, the earliest mention of piling Ossa and Pelion; that about ninety of a form "are met with in Homer, as against only ten in Hesiod," we having more than nine times as much of Homer as of Hesiod;—we arrive at length in sight of matters interesting to the question of Homeric unity. "We know that the last line of the *Iliad* is but the protasis of which the first line of the *Aethiopis* formed the apodosis." Such is the force of Comparative Philology, or something, that we can find here little but a deliberate attempt to mislead the reader. What "we know" about Arctinus is, that the ancients said he was a disciple of Homer,¹ that he took up the tale of Troy where the *Iliad* left it off, and that for a Cycle of epic the last line of the *Iliad* was altered to fit the first of the *Aethiopis*. The impression studiously conveyed that all the epic material was an indiscriminate mass, from which lengths were sawed off at desire, is pure falsification of that tradition, whatever the tradition may be worth; but it is all we have.

At the end is a philological comparison of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, consisting for the most part—after premiss that "a merely superficial reading will convince most people that the *Odyssey* is much more artificial and of a more modern age," which indeed in the case before us such a reading appears to have done—of a list of words, importing different usage in the two poems. First it is stated that the *Iliad* has about 130 words, the *Odyssey* about 120, not found in the other, an astonishingly small number, for the length and variety of the works. Then follows a set of "abstract nouns," found only in the *Odyssey*, with implication that none such are in the *Iliad*; which can only prompt the question, what "abstract" is supposed to mean; while by comparing *Od.* X. 526 and *XI.* 34 it may be seen that *ευχη*, one of the abstractions, is used synonymously with *ευχωλη* of both poems. Next a series of words with "different significations" in the respective poems. These instances are largely so many untruths, where they are not merely inept, being sometimes both; although several of the more glaring errors have dis-

¹Not with entire unanimity.

appeared from the last edition. As to what remains: Two of them are refuted by two successive lines, Od. III 136, 7—where curiously enough the Odyssey resumes for a moment the scene of the Iliad, an indication certainly, if we sought in such places, of single authorship—*ερις* and *καλεω*; *ερις* here is “strife,” not exactly “battle-strife,” but still less “rivalry.” “*Δαΐφρων* and *ολοοφρων* are *baleful* in the Iliad, *crafty* in the Odyssey.” *Δαΐφρων* is not “baleful” in the Iliad, or “crafty” in the Odyssey; it is only an adjective of distinction in both, applied nearly without distinction, as to Priam, and the peaceful herald Idaeus. *Ολοοφρων* is too seldom used for any accurate determination of meaning; a vital element in such determination, quite overlooked throughout this comparison. The Odyssey is called “more democratic” for the application of *βουληφορος* to the agora instead of the prince; which Odyssean agora is adduced by Grote to show that the status in the two poems was precisely the same, that is not democratic at all; and *βουληφορος* is applied to princes in the Odyssey, XIII. 12. In the Iliad, we are told, “*κλεις* is a collar-bone, in the Odyssey a key.” Here he might have heard from plain Liddell & Scott, if Comparative Philology had deserted him, that *κλεις* occurs in neither Iliad nor Odyssey at all, but the Ionic *κληϊς* does, and that unless both gods and men of the Iliad were accustomed to manipulate their doors with a collar-bone, it means throughout that poem in common usage “key” (or bolt, distinction not clear). There are no collar-bones in the Odyssey; but there are doors in both; yet in the Odyssey *κληϊς* most usually means row-bench—once brooch. “In the Iliad, *ηγεμων* is a chief, in the Odyssey a guide.” By this time we may begin to see why our philology misses so hopelessly the meaning of Homer’s words; because it misses the *meaning* of words themselves, falling flat on their *applications*. This one means, what it says, “leader,” in both poems, with the natural applications of that meaning in each. So *κοσμεω* means always the same, and is applied neither to “marshaling” nor “setting huntsmen” always, as Iliad II. 655. So likewise *ερις*, at its first occurrence, at the very start of the Iliad, which any one discussing the “language” of the poem surely would have by heart, does not mean “battle-strife,”

but rather "rivalry," if quarreling about a woman be any sign; and thus elsewhere in the Iliad. But it means "fight" in Od. XVI, 292, and it has the accusative *εριδα* in Od. VI. 92, and elsewhere. Of course it means *contest* always, with such variations of use as among ourselves. That *εξοπισω* should be used of *space* in the fields of the Iliad, and of *time* in the periods of the Odyssey, might seem a happy kind of propriety; but considering the number of times it occurs in either poem, and that its congeners are used promiscuously of space and time in both poems, the fact is about as important as that "following" is used only of space in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, only of time in *Henry VIII.*, and only of logical order in *Merchant of Venice*. If the ancient chorizontes dwelt in such distinctions, as we are told they did, it is likely that they also were but word-catchers, rather than seers of literature. Some of these collocations are indeed a little too much for us. We have seen a triumphant demonstration of different authorship and age between Iliad and Odyssey, in the one poem styling Crete hundred-citied and the other ninety. With but a feeble suggestion of a new census, as ten years might have elapsed, we had to pass on. Such a crux is *Ζωστηρ* of the present list, which is "a soldier's belt" in the Iliad, a "swineherd's" belt in the Odyssey. Only, if Nausicaa was a swineherd—for *Ζωστρα* of VI. 38 is hardly more than a metrical variant—the profession was almost as honored as war. At the end of the treatise, crown and conclusion of the whole, though abated from the still more absolute ultimatum of the first edition, the fullness of revelation seems to come: Though a certain difference might be of little moment (which would have been rather the most striking of all if it had been true as first stated, but it was not), yet "on the other hand, we cannot overlook the significance of the fact that the contracted form of *παρα*, *παρ*, occurs before the letters λ, ζ, ξ, σ and τ only in the Iliad, and before κ and μ only in the Odyssey. We seem here referred to a difference of usage—which points further to a difference of personality." At last then we reach a personality of Homer; and it embodies itself in the consonants before which he contracts *παρα* into *παρ*. "Here be truths," would rise to our lips—but the truth is not in it. The *fact* is precisely

what he has overlooked. Experienced readers have "gotten so" that whenever a statement is ushered in by "It is an axiom," "We cannot forget," and the like, a misgiving steals; the expressions having so often served but to waive an investigation which the statements would not bear. If the writer had not time in this deep research to make himself acquainted with the text of Homer, he might have learned of mere Dictionary that this contraction occurs most commonly, and in both poems alike, before consonants which he entirely ignores, as δ and π ; the cases he mentions for the most part occurring too seldom for any possibility of significance. Could a personality capable of contracting $\pi\alpha\rho\alpha$ into $\pi\alpha\rho$ before μ , extend the act to ν ? We may shrink from the speculation; but we shall find, that the contraction takes place (in spite of the Dictionary), before ξ repeatedly in the Odyssey, III. 490, etc.; before τ , III. 39; before λ , not mentioned by either Sayce or Dictionary, in both Iliad and Odyssey; that the whole distinction is incompetent, since reckoning cases of composition with verbs, which there seems no good reason for excluding, $\pi\alpha\rho\alpha$ is contracted into $\pi\alpha\rho$ before consonants quite generally, throughout Homer. It was prudence to observe at the beginning of such a paper, that most of the facts adduced were those of former scholars. But not all is lost. A conjecture at least ingenious and plausible, regarding an old genitive in oo , rectifies a line in the 10th Odyssey, to say nothing of some in the Iliad, whose cruel metre had racked at least one humble student of Homer thirty years. For this the essay would seem worthy of existence, and Comparative Philology not in vain.

What is the "solid" outcome? That the Homeric poems, since original production, have undergone—exactly what we would suppose they had undergone; a "variation of each soil" by which they have passed. Descending through so many ages probably in very large part by oral means, they would naturally bear the marks of Aeolic origin, of Ionic transmission through its progressive stages, finally of Attic recension, as to be expected of their last great depositary before a final canon, and the one from whose particular custody that canon went forth. Mahaffy takes up the plea that the Epic language was thoroughly artificial, such as never

could have been in spoken use; that the discrepancies of dialect and form are not of an early comprehensive type as might be supposed, but "determined" in their evolution, and mutually exclusive as those of Genoa and Venice, or Cork and Cornwall. Whether works of such a factitious idiom could be so passionately beloved and cleaved to for thousands of years, may be matter of separate conviction; but, beyond the inherent tendency of high poetry to form a speech in some degree its own, there appears no reason for believing that this epic as we have it is of other elements than would naturally accrue to works composed by a poet at once accepted as the national genius, and handed down by memory for so long, among such varying tongues. The possibility of fusion between such dialects depends, we should surmise, quite essentially upon geographical relations. Genoa and Venice do not interreach, neither Cork and Cornwall. But those that do? The speech of Burns is in every shade of transition, from pure English, through English with a mere flavor of Scotch, a fair mixture of the two, a predominance the other way, to the most "determined" Scotch; and is it less the great poet Burns, and less the speech of the people? What possibility that the lingo of Burns could ever have been a spoken one? Aeolia and Ionia doubtless ran into each other like the speech of the Lowlands. Philology at a distant age must make work with the Burns-lover who shall hold the first half and the last of the Cotter's Saturday Night, still more Halloween and Mary in Heaven, as of the same author. All appears to be assertion, absolutely dogmatic and absolutely without knowledge, as to what could or could not have been used in the speech of ancient Greece. Throughout is the strange assumption, that irregular or misconnected forms would be the artificial construction of cultured poets, in pursuit of archaisms and the like, rather than the natural growth of less cultured populations. For it is notable that the *people* of Greece have no existence in such tractates as these we have been specially considering. No one is supposed to have anything to do with language except authors and grammarians. What poet will the Sayce and Paley of the future hold responsible for the "false analogies" and "impossible forms," of "*reliable*" which we have

accepted after a fight, and “*electrocution*” which is impending over us? Persons who assert that Greeks, through centuries of speech and composition among all their swarming dialects, having altered and contracted *πλειων* into all the various forms we know, could not have reduced the plural of that most familiar adjective into *πλεες* without intentional archaism, are persons whose word cannot be taken—in such matters.

This problem as to the date of writing has been considered quite vital to the question of unity, applied to one poem or both. To me it has never seemed material. The mark once made, as works like those would have made it, the retention would be of course. I have known myself a man, or rather boy, who had his *Paradise Lost* by heart from end to end, not substantially but literally, and now after thirty or forty years the experiment of reading him a line at random from it would probably be tried several times before he would fail of producing the following one; the same in the same case with several books of Virgil, and of Homer himself. He had no special facility of committing to memory, others easily surpassed him in that, but ten lines was no serious task, and the ten thousand were just as easy; only so much more time and application; all was a pure matter of zeal, and the zeal held out. With such a one the difficulty is, not, the retention, but the making it a difficulty. If this in a world full of books, what then in a world without them! yet with tastes as keen, with faculties surely as quick, and habits formed, vocations organized, accordingly? The lack of writing might be the very condition for the preservation. A curious materialism has seemed to infest the treatment of this subject, the habit of dealing with mind in terms of matter; which may fit perfectly with any amount of theory, but is found to be false in fact. One odd working of this incapable treatment is the assumption, that not the preservation merely but the composition of creative poetry must depend in some great measure on this accessory; that although lays and lyrics might be composed without writing, long epics could not. How fundamental human interests could be affected by the art in question, does not appear. It is agreed that a lay might be composed and recited, say, like

a single book of the present Iliad. Suppose this lay set forth, in vivid phrase, in ravishing numbers, with dramatic power and life unknown in the world before, a quarrel of heroic chiefs, expressly as the beginning of tremendous woes; conceive the hearers lifted to a pitch of ecstasy worthy of that new revelation; would that be the end of the matter, until bark and scraper came along to petrify the tale? would either poet or public fail of unquenchable demand for "continuation in our next?" If that next described a new array of the army, as for a final stroke; a next, delaying fondly the assault, led forth in front the first movers of the whole, with an art so deep and fit that it well might escape the microscopic glance, in a single combat; next, the vast onset, with wavering result at first, with ever a reminder of the greater that remained behind; and so forward, with everything athwart and unexpected in detail, with everything moving steadily on as a whole, in tantalizing eddies and advances, to its breathless climax;—where would the obstruction come? While the work went on, the poet who did that work would be quite sufficient for its preservation; when its full effect began on others, they still more. The greater scenes and action would be more, not less, of interest, than the small; and such interest may be rather the sharper, in the air, without the solid thickness of book before, to clot it down. When Wolf says "If Homer had no readers, I cannot imagine how he could ever have thought of composing such long and elaborately connected lays," those little words "I cannot imagine" tell a good deal about Wolf and nothing about Homer. Why, children with a gift will tell each other stories of prodigious length, resumed by the day and week, with continuity of plot, and all remembered; they do not produce an Iliad, but they vanquish all the difficulty of the Iliad; for once being Homer, none other need be considered. Grote, who can find no reason for referring Iliad and Odyssey to a different age, and being of all modern men perhaps the one whose opinion on that subject is worth most, yet concludes against single authorship, on the ground, it is "improbable that the same person should have powers of memorial combination sufficient for composing two such poems;" which seems a little as if we had seen a man at a

distance carrying an ox, and guessed that it was Milo, as no one else had been known to do just that feat; then seeing again at a distance in the same region a man carrying another ox, should conclude on the whole it was somebody else never heard of, because it was improbable that the same man should have powers sufficient for bearing two such burdens.

Differences in the characters and persons of the gods, between the two poems, would be of more weight; for these at least approach the expression of profound ideals. It is well enough to ponder on such a saying as that "in the Iliad the men are better than the gods, in the Odyssey the gods are better than the men." Yet this at once brings up the figure of Apollo, and our distinction begins to waver. We find ourselves once more in the presence of transcendent genius, which surmounts its gods as it does men, and has always so much left over. The purpose of the Iliad is to evolve a karma of sequences on human passions; that of the Odyssey, to enact a piece of domestic justice. Morally they are wonderful complements, and are better understood as the product of one mind than of two. The gods in the one case relate themselves rather to passion, in the other to justice. As the full-souled author, having long dwelt in fields of carnage, is by the reaction of his own nature drawn to the chambers of Andromache and Helen; so if the poet of the Wrath were afterward minded to frame a poem of the Return—and no one else that we know of in the world could be so furnished—what kind of a Return would he make? It would be no place for the hustling of the Ilian gods; not much for any Olympian gods at all, except the one of "wisdom" or Practical Resource, in that narrow field of plot where everything is to work toward its right end by the valor of one man, the constancy of one woman, the zeal of one boy. Quite too much classification of the pantheons has been attempted; the main difference is that the gods "run" the Iliad machinery, the scope of which is more general, and not so much that of the Odyssey, which is more individual. No historic *Βουλη*, exceeding the range of a man, is to be there fulfilled. The natural law of a Homer's growth, like that of his people, would be toward less of the

god and more of the divine. In the *Odyssey*, far other than in the warfare of the *Iliad*, the part of Pallas is to proceed with as little friction as possible, especially as regards her half-uncle Poseidon; who is in fact the only other god enacting any important role in the *Odyssey* at all, and it cannot be contended that he appears there to much higher advantage than he does in the *Iliad*. Is any performance of the gods in the latter, meaner than his treatment of the generous Phaeacians? Or do their ethics shine in the 8th *Odyssey*, the only passage of that work which holds us long in their general company? On the whole their goodness is that of the baby, mostly in keeping quiet. Consider also the contrast of Zeus himself in two plays of Aeschylus—the liminary tyrant of Prometheus, with the “lord of eternal life,” the “infinite mind that none can traverse,” the Supreme of justice and goodness, in the *Suppliants*; and find any such difference in Homer.

Here may be mentioned, what had nearly been forgotten, the old puzzle about the messengers: “Iris in the *Iliad*, Hermes in the *Odyssey*.” This is a good sample of the difficulties which can be made to loom out upon the surface, and which dissolve of their own accord in real acquaintance. If an author of the *Iliad* as we have it were thereupon to set about the *Odyssey* as nearly as possible on the same lines of treatment, Iris would not appear as messenger in the latter, but more likely Hermes. She is a lady envoy, only kept for short errands round the north Aegean, never to the ends of the earth, or for anything difficult; would not know her way to the isle of Calypso. But the idea that her office is forgotten in the *Odyssey*, would be a strange oversight. In the 18th of that poem, we are introduced to a beggar, whose name is Arnaeus; “but all the youngsters called him Iros, because he did their messages.” Whoever misses the delicious Greek drollery of naming thus the hulking vagabond after the ethereal rainbow goddess, has lost something. On the other hand, not only the epithets of Hermes in the *Iliad* seem to imply such an office, but it is odd, or rather it is very even, after all the discussion, that Hermes should furnish just two such effective instances in the *Odyssey*—for the fool’s errand in I. 39 is hardly worthy of mention

—and two in the Iliad; since beside the memorable and crowning one of the latter, in the 24th book, we hear of him in high character on like purpose in V. 388-91, a passage savoring of such peculiar antiquity that it makes the Iliad generally seem modern and contemporary. Of course the simple fact is that the office of messenger had not then been differentiated, if it ever was. At the first instance of such mission in the Iliad, it is the task of Pallas, in the service of Here; and Iris appears in the same service, as late as Euripides and Aristophanes. It becomes very obvious, that in the Homeric system, where something is merely to be said, and near at hand, Iris is the usual messenger; where something is to be done, a more virile emissary, as Apollo or Athene; and where the matter is one of special conveyance or recovery, involving great distance or dexterity, Hermes. Capital examples of this distribution are found in the 15th Iliad, between Iris and Apollo, and in the 24th, between Iris and Hermes.

Much stronger is the case of the Hephaestian consorts: Grace in the Iliad, Aphrodite in the Odyssey; if half the rest of the distinctions had half the presumptive force of this one, chorizontism would have some ground to rest on.¹ But the passage of the Odyssey which gives occasion to it, the one licentious page in Homer, the only example of a story introduced merely as a story, avowedly "gag," may if any other be considered an excrescence, or a later filling. And here again, there may be no such clear marking of relations among the gods as afterward. Ever presses to our memory the emphatic thesis of Herodotus, that "Hesiod and Homer made the theogony of the Greeks." If this was in any degree the fact, then that theogony must have been in the making in their time, and thence capable of much growth in one lifetime. For we cannot suppose Herodotus, from that context, to have used these names as mere impersonal symbols of the Epic. That they were to some extent so used in the older period, for masses of literature beyond what we now have, evidence no doubt has been brought to show. Thanks for it all; the case thus becomes fairly parallel to that of the dozen scattering plays which

¹Yet Aphrodite is thought to be but a development of Charis; and for a curious identification of the two, compare Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 65 and 73.

used to hang about the skirts of Shakespeare, from his own time onward for a while, one or two of them perhaps yet sticking to the collection. Proportions might naturally be reversed; the genuine a nucleus for the spurious in the ancient case, the spurious a mere haze about the genuine in the modern, by conditions of writing and printing. But lax and extravagant seem the assertions, that the whole mass was at any time habitually ascribed to the one hand or one name. The traditions of several and personal authors seem predominant; and Mahaffy himself tells us that the Cyclists consistently avoided Homer's subjects.

The final arbiter between the two poems is well appointed by this writer, as the *sense* of their different authorship and perhaps age; the difference of "tone." This is the strongest point he makes. I acknowledge, almost though hardly quite, such a difference of tone in this case as I find between *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *King Lear*, or between *Richard II.* and *The Tempest*. It would be still more demonstrable at a future time, if only such two works of their author should remain, that they could not have been of the same hand or the same period. Note especially the argument for later era from the "fairy land" of the *Odyssey*, as in the *Quarterly*, vol. 125, and the Comparative method which clinches it. A comparative method which might be far more to the purpose, and less like a new toy, may be quite neglected there. It seems further to be overlooked, that genius of this higher sort is as growing as it is great. Talent of other kinds, as that of a general, even a supreme one like Hannibal or Napoleon, may appear at the outset in all the perfection it is ever to reach, but the high poet, a far more representative man, has a cycle to traverse of which the end is unknown to the beginning.

That the social conditions depicted in the *Odyssey* may seem a century or so advanced upon those of the *Iliad*, compares quite fairly with their themes, essentially of war and peace; as often heard, and as must be repeated when made necessary. Let some one far in the future, working on the single *Leatherstocking* series of Cooper, compare the social conditions of the *Pathfinder* with those of the *Pioneers*, and see if they seem of the same period. In this as in so many

other matters, the deficiency comes of regarding the work we have as expressing the whole mind of the author, instead of as a temporary and accidental overflow from the great deep of the unexpressed. Having an Iliad, the "microscopists" find in it the whole resource of its Homer; and so they would if the Iliad were ten lines long. But the actual Homer would be led by the very production of the Iliad toward very different production. In such a nature, greater than the expressed is always the *suppressed*, which then seeks to find its way.

It is remarkable, considering the vast differences of theme, how identical is the general state of man, in these two poems. Minutiae only can be forced apart; of all the great steps in his secular advancement, not one falls between the Iliad and the Odyssey. Whenever the achievements that constitute human progress are in mention, the two have to be spoken of together. Such is the testimony, among many others, of one above others, who though chorizontic, was not given to blundering or misstatement; Grote. The attempt for instance has been made, to circulate money in the Odyssey, as *χρηματα*; by which it would speedily appear, that money was eaten in those days (II. 203), an advance indeed on the Iliad; but Grote arrests this counterfeiting. We learn with wonder, if we can trust the assertion, that there are not many more than 100 words in either poem not found in the other.

For mere chorizontism, perhaps no treatise has been more referred to than the article on that subject in the *Edinburgh Review* in April, 1871. But this should not detain us; the *Review* must have worn sackcloth for such an indiscretion; so continuous a prodigy of blunders and fabrications only leaves us in doubt, whether the writer ever actually read either poem, or, as to the original, was capable of doing so. The doctrine is modified to admiration in the hands of Prof. Geddes, who confesses a Homer, indeed, as author of the Odyssey and half the Iliad, but not of the other half. His treatise is as learned, temperate, acute and unconvincing, as ever fell from the pen of man in chase of a theory. The difficulty of dealing with such a speculation is, that the rational answer, say as rendered by Prof. Blackie, is so ob-

vious to any real student of Homer, that no effect of intelligence or ingenuity appears in producing it, and thus the contestant is at a disadvantage. Geddes rejoins to Blackie, that a palmary argument has been left unanswered—there is no glorying over the slain in the Ulyssean books. It is true Pandarus glories over Diomede in Ulyssean V. 283-5, when he thinks he has killed him; but as he has not really killed him, the rule is unbroken. The mutual exclusion of sternness and tenderness as attributes of the same poet, would suggest the inquiry, whether the writer had ever heard the name of Dante. If it is any good to have a good laugh at the expense of a good scholar, read the disparagements of the "Achillean" Ulysses, then turn to the 11th Iliad: most heroic appearance of Ulysses in all that poem, where there was no occasion to mention him but for pure wish to glorify him, where he appears as savior of the army, and in the subtle compound of fortitude and circumspection, not abstract but all human, very germ of the Odyssey. But the contrary use of the same parts of the Iliad by different shades of chorizontism, is still more ludicrous. Why a poet, superlatively distinguished for artistic form and symmetry, should take an earlier poem similarly distinguished though of alien spirit, and wedge it open to thrust into it an incoherent mass of discordant matter, to the ruin of its individuality and proportion, is a "new Homeric problem" indeed. We know not what interpolation may do; but it can hardly undo the natural sense of man. All this last contrivance has a curious effect, as it were the disintegration of disintegrationism; the *reductio-ad-absurdum* and suicide of all the Lay theory. Accordingly, as we hear from Mahaffy, there is of late a reaction toward unity.

Aristarchus wrote a treatise, we are told, which aimed to prove the unity of Homer by anticipations in the Iliad of the Odyssey. If this meant intentional ones, the position could hardly be maintained; a time of birth will hardly be occupied with the thought of future births; but the unintentional ones are most impressive. Just thus much of truth appears in Geddes: Whenever Iliad relaxes its giant strain, it becomes Odyssey. The instant Hector turns his back on the battlefield in VI, a new rhythm falls on the ear; a calmer move-

ment flows; description, as of structures, rises, in which Odysseus delights. When for one exquisite moment of peace, required by the very nature of man and of art, to fall between the mighty struggle of the XI-XVIIIth books and the last battle-day of Achilles, there is no resort in the machinery itself of the poem; it is bestowed like a grace from heaven, in an image on the Shield; again the effect is Odyssean. So with the passages of the 24th and others—they are of the Odysseus, but only less than they are of the Iliad. The stern old grammarian, Mahaffy says, crushed out the budding chorizontism of his day, “by his authority,” which movement else, we infer, might have had free course. Does a person so writing form any conception as to the relation of his words with facts? When Herod exterminates the nursery of a town, all the young lives with all their chance of usefulness are cut off from the world. But the chorizontic innocents; what power over those, but of truth and reason? There was the whole Greek world, now full of education, criticism, curiosity, rivalry; were this Alexandrian the most terrible pedant that ever wielded rod, even while he lived we cannot imagine how he could have quelled innovation by authority, and not rather incited it the more; far less when dead. The plain likelihood is, that he convinced, and most the most intelligent. By all we learn of Aristarchus, he would seem a true prophet of his mission; with a trenchant stroke and autocratic fiat doubtless, like Athanasius in his doctrine, Milton in his politics, Ewald in his history, and from the same root as they, the depth and power of spirit, master of its field, and kindred with the greatest.

The poet who in the full tide of his war-song, breathing fire as if battle were his only element, until by the aid of the 6th and other books we look further into his soul, yet could make the god of war so abominable and that of light so noble, in that soul would hold precisely the realm of ether for the serener deities and other forms of the Odysseus. We seem to feel it in the very change of view from which Olympus itself is regarded; in the one, tempestuous below, in the other Elysian above. There is just the continuation of the Iliad, and just the complement of it, which the Iliad itself would give us to expect. In the very “torrent, tempest and

whirlwind" of his conflict, is the temperance which controls its movements. There is no such race, as his; in Kant's figure, it is no wild horse, but a trained one, that he rides; or the course would not be as it is. The deadly grapple over the body of the charioteer in XVI, in itself has witness of the poise and mastery which can turn themselves to such different work. Fire itself is of the ether, in this empyrean.

The mind in which the Epic first arose as Iliad, well might ripen on to the perfect form of the Odyssey. No doubt an author who had wrought an Iliad, would not sink to silence afterward, if life continued; such a lyre would wake again. A mind so Shakespeare-like would be ill content with one act of expression, however full and ample. Doubtless also, phases of his progress would appear. He must be more conscious of his character—though his self-suppression be absolutely as before, and though Grote declare that "the bard's profession was originally separate and special." He would assume and notice that profession more than in the first epic; one of his miracles is, that he can thus advance in the sense of his own vocation, yet with the same divine unegotism, never equaled on such a scale in the world; well might the holy Fenelon appeal to him as an emblem of the viewless Deity in the midst of his august creation. We grow tired of the potential and supposititious "would"; after a certain number of times it begins to remind of Bimetallism; but the standard of poetry here upheld is the single and exalted one; we have the works, and in default of positive knowledge we would offer the most probable and cohering suggestions. Every point of difference in manner between the poems naturally seems to account for itself by the probable evolution of the poet from the one to the other.

A man shall ask*perhaps, "If we *suppose* the Odyssey to be a century or two later than the Iliad, certainly a lawful supposition, need we think there would be more evidence of difference in age than what we find?" On full consideration, Yes. There is no such altered outlook upon the world, as in the case of Euripides compared with Aeschylus, of Petrarch as compared with Dante, of Milton with Shakespeare; though in each of these cases the younger poet was born within the life of the elder; and supreme poets have

always appeared at a time of vigorous national movement. There would be marks of change, requiring no microscope to see, no fancy to invent; which are claimed indeed, but never established. And the Iliad already long reigning, the Odyssey artfully planned in reference and rivalry, after a lapse of time when by very hypothesis poetic personalities were highly accentuated, that such a work should leave no track of individual authorship through the short period remaining until clear literary memory, seems beyond conception. We have almost looked into the burning eyes of Sappho, felt the fiery touch of Archilochus; from whom but sparks remain; we are asked to believe, that from about the same age an epic of 12,000 lines came down unbroken, the delight of all the ages, utterly without personality of its own. In this point, Geddes indeed seems wiser.

Over and above the more apparent lines of unity in the second work, the more obvious coherency of narrative, there are subtler and perhaps more vital essences of individuality in the latter as in the former. There are once more phases that require the whole time and space, the whole *quantity* of the poem for their proportion. That the sacred fidelity of Penelope should at last wear down to yielding, that after such an example to the ages she should come to offer herself at auction in the end, and yet this without the slightest derogation from ideal womanhood and heroism—this creative miracle could be accomplished on no narrow stage. The reader must grow to feel the effect of the years on her spirit, and the inexorable urgency of the conditions, which may be resisted with such fortitude for long, but not forever. So the growth of Telemachus, from the first bud of hereditary craft and enterprise, figured in the initial visit of Athene, to the full "day of the gods," when he stands as rival to his father himself before their ancestor—that development and discipline is of no less demand, in plot-room. And the central form, Odysseus, bright as are his beginnings, known as he is already, yet is not to reach his fullness but in equal compass. Here is a completion indeed, which may never be seen again. The Ulysses of later writers can bear no comparison; that of Shakespeare himself, a triumph of his power, adds undoubtedly something, but lacks much more. *He is*

craft made man, not a man made crafty. *He* cannot weep, laugh, entreat, fly out, pray, and still keep character, as in the one sole Homer. These large and far-rooted conceptions, latest for the reader to arrive at, may be the germinating points of the epic, with the author. Throughout Homer, their character is one. So too the relation of a public and a private theme, will naturally bear much less development in the *Odyssey*; but it is there, and it makes the happy close, at the last book, a vital necessity as it is a crowning and all harmonizing beauty. The poem would be a torso without it.

As in the *Iliad*, so in the *Odyssey*, the transitions from one side of Homer to another are most exquisite, and they fall at places, if that can be said of anything, where no probe of separatism ever found a seam. In the one poem we have Battle, in the other Adventure; the two sovereign interests of recital to the natural man. The one does its work on us by fire, the other by enchantment; one is nearness, realism in extremity—the other, distance and a world of fancy, high human faculty running through the whole and binding all into one, the utmost remoteness with the soul of Home. But not with exclusion; as we found the *Iliad* extending lines so wide, we may catch the *Odyssey* passing from the one world to the other, like the growth of the rainbow. The story of wonder begins at the 9th book, with mere continuation of the Trojan war. But in a few moments, the hues of fairy-land are on us; lotos, giant, sorceress, and underworld. There is not a glint of cleavage; the geographic scene is in perfect harmony, literal and real on the Aegean, looming as a mirage while we leave it for the south and west. All this is admirably worked out in Bunbury—whose citation by Mahaffy is extraordinary; on exhaustive and minute examination of his ground, the author of “Ancient Geography” finds nothing to support the chorizontic theory. Mahaffy thinks the poet of the *Odyssey* a “deliberate romancer” in geography, instancing the ride of Telemachus from Pyle to Sparta, “in one day,” by the first edition, over those horrible roads. The reader felt it strange, that the express division of the journey into two days, both going and coming, 3d book and 15th, should be so forgotten; a lovable item

of the tale, with the stopping-place prefixed, and Diocles mine host, who set good cheer before the wayfarers, precious germ of the First-class Hotel. Now later, our authority has discovered the extension of time, and alters accordingly, going cheerfully on with the rest of it unchanged; no difference at all between one day and two, in a ride of fifty or sixty miles. The Historian of Greek Literature nowhere seems very fresh from his Homer.

Our reasons then, for believing the *Odyssey* essentially of one authorship with the *Iliad*, fall perhaps under three general heads:

The sense of a superlative genius, identical at its highest working in *Iliad* and *Odyssey*;

The tradition of antiquity, large and straight from the beginning; diligently sifted, with every effort to assign it neither more nor less than its value;

Careful examination of the things advanced to the contrary—their astonishing emptiness and untruth.

Very little account has been taken here in order, of the separatist arguments at large; if Lang and other masters of the subject in its largeness might not be safely left to dispose of them, they may be left beforehand to dispose of each other. Hardly a point advanced by one is not demolished by another, save only that a Homer did not write the Homeric poems. In sum the reason is, "He did not make those poems as I would have made them;" and in sum the answer is, "Content, we will take them as he made them." For the rest, a vast deal of later separatism seems to proceed from no other principle than that—Something must be conceded to the Germans. Particularly does this appear as a regulative influence with Mahaffy, to whose work so much attention has been paid, as a candid résumé of preceding studies, and hence a fair exhibit of present criticism. Where there has been such a world of smoke, there must surely be a trace of fire. We have seen where the fire was likely to have been; at the rear of Homer, in the earlier state of heroic song; the wind setting in the past century so strong from origins and primal growths of all sorts, has blown the smoke across and involved the colossal figure of the first world-poet.

The sense of that character, the person of Homer, when it has grown to the stature of its reality before the mind, is a possession, which should indeed extinguish all asperity toward those who have missed it. They know not what they have lost, thinking it a dream. They might be supposed to have studied in Burke and Kant, though otherwise showing little evidence of such research, that sublime things are primarily a pain to the mind, and so that they were best avoided. But those to whom the contemplation is familiar, have a source of noble and perpetual delight, which they would as gladly impart as maintain. In one regard, this individuality seems the most comprehensive that has appeared in the world. It is not even specialized into what we call "intellect," which so shines upon us from Shakespeare, Dante, Plato and the rest. But the effect of intelligence is with it, unsurpassed; the free life of all human character, the comprehension of every object, motive, and situation. Throughout these wide world-poems, with all their simplicity, primitiveness, and unsparing literalness of childlike detail, it is not suggested to us that the work would have been better done, or greater work, with more mind. This trackless plentitude of power was what the capable ancients felt when they exalted Homer virtually above mortality; and they were not foolish in their praise. Their deliberate judgment, of a thing they knew, is like to stand.

When we consider the majestic fame of Homer, in its breadth and height and length together unequaled among men, its three thousand years already rounding toward the full, and the lustre only brighter, the experiments at dissolution of his fabric well may seem, as in a distant future they are likely to seem, but a curious episode, a passing breeze, the trick of a century. Perhaps the mode is already past, in force and life, while it is supposed to be finally established; its actual effect on the intelligent world appears but slight compared with its pretension. Something of value will remain from it; ancient ways explored and better understood, minute characteristics treasured, multitudinous products of the ages brought together in relation; and at last, a deeper study and a deeper spirit brought to the word of Homer.

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